

Comb Honey

By EDWARD BLACK. Home Life of the Leffingwells. "Henry Leffingwell, what on earth are you doing with those mousetraps?" asked Mrs. Leffingwell of the man whose name she had taken for better or for worse.

He Knows. An Omaha mail carrier tarried a few minutes the other day to converse with a man who asked him to sign a food conservation pledge card.

Studies in Facial Expression. Two women dancing together. When two motorists collide and then face each other.

The Fourth Estate. We pause a minute to say good-bye to Faith Lee Hoel, who passed away last week into the "great adventure."

Heard En Passant. "Say, Ruth, do you know that I have a new brother-in-law?" "Drop the nickle in the box, please."

Tireless Man. The original tireless man has been discovered. His name is F. O. Ellison and he is known as commercial agent for the Nebraska Telephone company.

Groh's History of Omaha All the truth and untruth that's fit to know

By A. R. GROH

Chapter XXXVIII—Modern Omaha. This monumental history has shown the reader and student how Omaha developed to its present size from nothing.

The wholesale district is filled with large buildings where many people find employment. Little did the pioneers dream of such a state of affairs.

Omaha is second to none in her shabby. Many conventions meet here every year. In fact, Omaha has gained the name of "the convention city."

Automobiles buzz everywhere, especially on the boulevard and on Farnam street. The humble "flivver" is here and the mighty 12-cylinder cars, taking our citizens hither and thither on pleasure bent or on business.

The Ak-Sar-Ben must not be forgotten, for has it not added much to the gaiety and pleasure of the city and all the surrounding country for hundreds of miles when, in the glad-some fall, the new king enters his kingdom of Quivera, to the accom-

paniment of much merriment and with grand parades and a grand carnival that lasts a week or ten days and where all may enter the gates for the small sum of 10 cents and see all kinds of wonders and things, including Dolleta (the smallest human mother), the tattooed man, man with the elastic skin, etc., and enjoy the merry-go-round and many other pleasures.

Omaha has higher buildings than London and more railroads running into it than New York City. The next chapter will draw this great history to a conclusion with a

few appropriate remarks by the historian, such as are found at the conclusion of Gibbon's "History of the Roman Empire" and other notable histories.



Indescribable

Questions on Chapter XXXVIII. 1. In what is Omaha second to none? 2. To what can we point with pride? 3. Describe the "welcome arch."

Their Hobbies! What's Yours?

Bible study and base ball, they don't sound like they belonged together exactly, and yet both are hobbies of John Lewis. Base ball has been discarded so far as attending games is concerned, for Lewis says he dares not trust himself to go to a single game throughout the summer lest the old fever come back on him and drag him to the games every day to the neglect of his insurance business.

Charles E. Black, "Charlie Black" for short, has a hobby. But he doesn't ride it. The point with Charlie is to avoid riding if possible. "Say! That fellow drove me from Des Moines, Iowa, in four flat, and right there is where I quit," says Charlie.

"How doth the little busy bee?" asked Jesse P. Palmer. "You see," he went on to explain, "bees are my hobby. When I was a boy I enjoyed watching the little bees flying hither and thither, carrying honey to their hive and I always looked to the bee as the exemplar of industry and thrift.

Charles E. Black, "Charlie Black" for short, has a hobby. But he doesn't ride it. The point with Charlie is to avoid riding if possible. "Say! That fellow drove me from Des Moines, Iowa, in four flat, and right there is where I quit," says Charlie.

How Omaha Got Him

Texas Trained, He Comes to Head a Great Fraternal Order.



By A. EDWIN LONG.

Though reared in Texas, W. A. Fraser lays no claims to having been a cowboy. Still he has seen gun play running high, wide and handsome, and once or twice he became dangerously near being a party to the activity in Dallas.

Fraser butted into a political argument on the streets there one day to defend a friend—and was challenged to a duel.

Fraser's back stood one Jack Duncan, an outlaw, paroled from the penitentiary. Duncan had a silver tube protruding from his throat, just above the collar, where a bullet had entered when he was captured years before.

Soon the toughs appeared a half block away and paused a moment in the street. Fraser cautiously stepped to one side to make sure that Duncan might have a clean sweep if the artillery should open.

Charles E. Black, "Charlie Black" for short, has a hobby. But he doesn't ride it. The point with Charlie is to avoid riding if possible. "Say! That fellow drove me from Des Moines, Iowa, in four flat, and right there is where I quit," says Charlie.

tel was a saloon and gambling house known as the "Moss Rose," and he believed me if we didn't hear a shooting across the way there at night we couldn't go to sleep, so regular was the occurrence.

Fraser butted into a political argument on the streets there one day to defend a friend—and was challenged to a duel.

Fraser's back stood one Jack Duncan, an outlaw, paroled from the penitentiary. Duncan had a silver tube protruding from his throat, just above the collar, where a bullet had entered when he was captured years before.

Fraser butted into a political argument on the streets there one day to defend a friend—and was challenged to a duel.

Fraser's back stood one Jack Duncan, an outlaw, paroled from the penitentiary. Duncan had a silver tube protruding from his throat, just above the collar, where a bullet had entered when he was captured years before.



They were rangers looking for an outlaw whom they were sent to arrest. They had been lying 36 hours in the sand and sagebrush. Fraser fraternized with them freely after they had lowered their pistols, and together the three took some target practice for a few moments, comparing guns, and making life wretched for the prairie dogs.

He went into the Dallas Electrical Supply and Construction company and after a time became manager and part owner.

Next he was made electrical superintendent of the city of Dallas.

Next in this Series—How Omaha Got B. C. Howe.

They were rangers looking for an outlaw whom they were sent to arrest. They had been lying 36 hours in the sand and sagebrush. Fraser fraternized with them freely after they had lowered their pistols, and together the three took some target practice for a few moments, comparing guns, and making life wretched for the prairie dogs.

He went into the Dallas Electrical Supply and Construction company and after a time became manager and part owner.

Next he was made electrical superintendent of the city of Dallas.

Next in this Series—How Omaha Got B. C. Howe.

Next in this Series—How Omaha Got B. C. Howe.

Did You Smoke Out These Faces? They Are All Well-Known Omaha Retail Cigar Men

HOW THEY ONCE LOOKED—



HOW THEY LOOK NOW—



Leo Rosenthal • John Alpersen • Herman Beselin • Frank Bandle • Paul Wickham

THE WEEKLY BUMBLE BEE

OMAHA, SUNDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 4, 1917.

THE BUMBLE BEE. A STINGER, EDITOR. Communications on any topic received, without postage or signature. NO ADS AT ANY PRICE.

WARRING. We want to warn a certain limb of the law who has long posed as an uplifter, a bull moose, and a promoter when it came to reform that if we catch him again trying to swindle a poor, hard-working cigar dealer, we're going to name him right out in public.

WHY? Why is it farmers within a few miles of Omaha give away good apples, while farmers in Washington, Idaho and Oregon can find ready sale here for their product at fancy prices?

SAFE. For fear you might overlook the date, Omaha tobaccoists just beat the government to it, and began collecting the tax two days ahead of time—just to get their hand in, maybe.

RUN. Now they're talking of Hank Dunn running for commissioner. All right, but Hank doesn't run for anything or anybody. He might sing his way into office, but he'd never run for it.

CONTRABAND. Contraband booze goes to the front, and the soldiers are of some service.

RECORD. Leo Stevens has hung up another record. He is the only living white man in captivity who ran a foot race with a va-

CHINCH. The visitor who comes to town and fills his hide with home-made hooch, need not be surprised when he wakes up with a headache and a void where he had planted his bank roll. It's a cinch.

MYSTERY. That bunch over at the court house manages to stay under a long time. They must have some secret means of getting air.

SUBURB. The Woodmen circle fees enabled several lawyers to buy goodly bunches of Liberty bonds.

HURRY. Only six months ago tall city election. HURRY UP.

Come Across With Your War Tax; Uncle Sam Enlists Even Pennies; Kick In Order Wherever You Go

Kick in! Nope, this isn't the play that ran all week at the Brandeis, although that got considerable attention.

It is Uncle Sam's invitation to his nephews and nieces, and the whole caboodle of those who dwell under his kindly swart means come across, for the dear old fellow needs the money now.

It is mild enough about it, for most of the proposals to take it in little driblets, a dime here, a penny there, and on such stuff as we well can afford to stand a little taxation.

Relay club suggestion to automobilists that they give the soldier boys a ride when they get a chance is a good one.

SEATS. "B-r-r-r." "Is this the Boyd?" "Yes."

RECORD. Leo Stevens has hung up another record. He is the only living white man in captivity who ran a foot race with a va-

CHINCH. The visitor who comes to town and fills his hide with home-made hooch, need not be surprised when he wakes up with a headache and a void where he had planted his bank roll. It's a cinch.

MYSTERY. That bunch over at the court house manages to stay under a long time. They must have some secret means of getting air.

SUBURB. The Woodmen circle fees enabled several lawyers to buy goodly bunches of Liberty bonds.

HURRY. Only six months ago tall city election. HURRY UP.

IN OUR TOWN. Colonel Luesser had the fires started in the street cars Monday.

Vic Parrish was out of his office nearly all the time last week.

Colonel Arthur C. Smith is still going around on one flat wheel.

Colonel "Bill" Fraser expects to send a lot of extra copies of the Bumble Bee to Texas today.

Colonel "Tom" Byrne reports himself all ready for the next bond drive.

Colonel "Bill" Green is back from a visit to the home folks in Indiana, having hurried hither to be present at the opening of the improvement club season.

Several thousand state teachers will be among us this week. If we had 1000 tongues, we would sing the praise of the Nebraska school man; if we had 1000 hands, we would extend them all to greet the guiding genius of our young ideas.

Not knocking any knocks on anybody, we may be permitted to say it is no disadvantage to have a family connection with a high-up democratic leader when it comes to getting a commission in the service.

It's all right for Hank Dunn to come home and tell about Gull Rens shooting at a flying maulard and hitting a muskrat, but just wait till you hear Gus tell the story. That'll be different, already.

She sews a bit. And knits a bit. And bakes a little, too. And gives a bit. And gives a bit. To show her heart is true.

She weeps a bit. And smiles a bit. Her boy is there so grand. Her heart is brave; Her all she gave. This mother of the tank.